N° 78. SATURDAY, *July* 29, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

ONE of your earlieſt correſpondents gave us an account of a worthy Baronet, a relation of his, who ſpent all his life intending to do many things, without ever having actually done any thing. Though this may not be a uſeful, it ſeems to me a very harmleſs way of paſſing one's days. I am the wife, Sir, of quite another kind of gentleman. My huſband, *Mr. Buſtle*, always does things firſt, and then thinks of them afterwards.

One of the moſt important concerns of his life, I muſt own to you, he conducted in this manner, and I was his accomplice. We married on three days acquaintance at the houſe of a relation of his, where we happened to meet on a viſit. We have, however, been a very decently happy couple, and have a family of very fine children. Mr. Buſtle indeed does not depend very much on us for the happineſs of his life, and he has no time for conferring much happineſs or beſtowing much attention on

us. He is of so active a spirit, so busy, so constantly employed, that pleasures of a domestic or a quiet kind do not enter at all into his plan of life.

His father was a careful œconomical man, and left him in a very comfortable situation, with a large estate, a set of thriving tenants, a good house, a well-laid out farm, and a well-stocked garden. When we went home, we had nothing to do, as the saying is, but to draw in our chairs and sit down. But sitting, however much at his ease, was not my husband's way. He soon made a great deal of business, though he had found none. It was discovered, that the principal apartments of our house were too low; so it was unroofed, to have some feet added to its height, and a new lead-covered platform put a-top, to command a view of a particular turn of the river that runs through the grounds. This kept us two winters in one of our tenant's houses, in which too, all the time we were in it, something or other was a-doing: so that the carpenter's hammer was heard every hour of the day. We had scarce got back to our own house again, when it was found that the water came through our lead-covered platform: so he had the pleasure of having that changed into a cupola, with a roof of a different construction, for the view of the

river was ſtill to be preſerved. But next year, my huſband diſcovered that a plantation was neceſſary on a particular knoll; so the view of the river we had paid ſo much for, was ſhut out by a clump. The garden was the next ſubject of amendment, in which an excellent fruit-wall was pulled down, to have it rebuilt on a new plan; by which new plan we have got a very beautiful wall, and trees admirably well dreſſed, but unfortunately we have loſt all our fruit. The ſame thing happened by our acquiſition of a new pigeon-houſe, which, notwithſtanding the well-known ſuperſtition of its boding the death of the wife, my huſband ventured to build. Luckily I ſurvive the omen; but we have ſcarcely had a pigeon-pie ſince. In point of ornamental alterations, the ſame variety has taken place: We had firſt a ſmooth green lawn, though at the expence of cutting down ſome of the fineſt timber in the country; we then got a ſerpentine ſhrubbery, which within theſe two years has been dug up, to make room for a field with dropping trees, fenced by a ha-ha!

While he was beautifying his houſe and grounds, Mr. Buſtle was not inattentive to the improvement of his eſtate. After getting a new ſurvey made of it by a very fine gentleman who came from your town in a poſt-chaiſe and four, he ſat down one morning with the plan before him,

him, a ſcale and a pair of compaſſes in his hand, and that gentleman at his elbow; and while I was pouring out their tea, they raiſed the rents of it 200 per cent. as Mr. Quadrant was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf. Preſently all our former tenants were turned out of their farms, except a few young men whom the late Mr. Buſtle, for what reaſon I know not, had marked in his rent roll with a +, and a new ſet put into poſſeſſion, who, as Mr. Quadrant ſaid, knew the *capabilities* of ground. Then there was ſuch a pulling down of walls to make little fields large, and a planting of hedges to make large fields little; every thing, in ſhort, was turned topſy-turvy: but what won't people do to get rich? Mr. Quadrant's calculations, however, have not anſwered with all the exactneſs we expected. The eſtate indeed, as our old ſteward told me, was conſiderably increaſed in its rent; "but "a-well-a-day! my Lady," ſaid he, "it nets "nothing." So Mr. Buſtle was obliged to alter that plan, after he had tried it for ſeveral years. He has got ſome of the old tenants back again; but a conſiderable part of his eſtate he has reſerved in his own hands, of which he ſays he will treble the produce, by turning it into a ſheep-walk. During this period, likewiſe, he has made ſeveral attempts to diſcover coal; and about three years ago, narrowly miſſed being worth

worth L. 10,000 a-year by the unexpected failure of a lead-mine. Theſe are Mr. Buſtle's ſerious occupations; his amuſements are no leſs various, and he is equally ardent in his purſuit of them. He is a hunter, a ſhooter, and an angler; breaks his own horſes, trains his own dogs, and is reckoned the moſt expert cocker within a hundred miles of us.

To do him juſtice, however, he is by no means ſelfiſh, either in his buſineſs or his pleaſures. If any of his neighbours have an eſtate to be ſold, a farm to be let, a garden to be laid out, a houſe to be built, a horſe to be broke, or a pointer to be made; Mr. Buſtle will ride half a dozen miles at any time to give them his aſſiſtance and advice.

Unfortunately his own family are almoſt the only perſons of whom he does not buſy himſelf in the management and ſuperintendence. To our two daughters I have endeavoured to give ſome little education at home; for my huſband was always ſo occupied, either with his own affairs, or the affairs of other people, that though I often preſſed him to ſend them to ſome place where they could acquire the accompliſhments ſuitable to their ſex and rank in life, he always delayed the meaſure till ſomehow or other the opportunity was loſt. As for our three boys, they have coſt me many an uneaſy moment. They

They were ſent to an academy in Yorkſhire, to graſs, as my huſband phraſed it, at firſt, with a long plan for their education afterwards; but at graſs they continued till within theſe few months, when they returned home perfect colts indeed, with abundance of health and ſtrength to be ſure, but without a word of language that could be underſtood, in their mouths, or a ſingle idea worth the having, in their heads. They had acquired, it is true, ſome knowledge, of which their father has made conſiderable uſe ſince their return, and with which he appears ſo well pleaſed as to have little thoughts of ſending them any where elſe. I have heard him declare with much exultation, that he would back them at riding a horſe, trowling for a pike, or trimming a cock, againſt any three boys of their age in the kingdom.

He finds the more occaſion for their aſſiſtance as deputies in matters of this kind, as of late he has betaken himſelf chiefly to the buſineſs of the public, having taken a very ſtrong inclination to promote the good of his country. The death of a gentleman who had been long in the commiſſion of the peace, has thrown the buſineſs of that department chiefly on Mr. Buſtle, who now does little elſe but ſtudy law-caſes, convene meetings about highways, turnpikes, bridges, and game-licences, and ride all over

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the county, dispensing justice, redressing wrongs, removing nuisances, and punishing delinquents. In this the activity and eagerness of his nature has sometimes, I am afraid, in the practice of his office, got the better of the knowledge he had stored up on the theory of it. Besides receiving several incendiary letters, which he did not value a rush, and even I should have had the courage to despise, there are two or three actions of assault and false imprisonment raised against him, for acts done in the course of keeping the peace of the country. Indeed his plans for keeping the peace have turned out, like some others formed with the best intention in the world, exactly the reverse of what he expected from them, the country having been in perpetual war ever since he began putting them in execution. There have been such bickerings amongst the Gentlemen about widening of roads, removing of dunghills, pulling down cottages, and punishing of vagrants, that one half of the neighbours are scarce in speaking-terms with the other. Some of them, who are enemies to the patriotic measures of Mr. Bustle, have, I understand, privately stirred up and supported those law-suits in which his public spirit has involved him. These I cannot help being uneasy about, as of very serious consequence to his fortune and family; but he him-

self

ſelf ſeems not to regret them in the leaſt. He aſſures me he ſhall carry them all with coſts, and talks rather with ſatisfaction of going to town to aſſiſt in their management. If you ſhould happen to meet with him, Mr. Lounger, I ſhould be happy, for my part, if you could teach him ſomewhat of your love of eaſe and indolence. I have many reaſons for wiſhing to forego all the reputation he will acquire by his activity, for a little peace and quiet. There is a ſaying of his father's, which I have heard the ſame old ſteward I mentioned before repeat very often, but Mr. Buſtle would never pay any regard to it: "When things are well as they "are, he's a fool who tries how they may be."

I am, &c.

BARBARA BUSTLE.